

# THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

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FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

No. III.—(*Concluded from page 40.*)

## A VINDICATION OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION,

*From Objections arising from the Misconduct of Professing Christians.*

It was formerly stated, that the fact upon which the objection is founded is frequently exaggerated by the faults of one Christian being transferred or imputed to the whole Church. I have now to observe, that the *fact* is also most grossly and injuriously misapplied in another way. Our adversaries make no distinction between *real* and merely *nominal* Christians: And yet, that such a distinction actually exists, and that it ought to be attended to, must be admitted by every one who has any pretensions to justice and candor. It is notorious, that there are some, whose belief in the truth of Christianity is merely speculative, who cannot deny, that the religion of Jesus is supported by sufficient evidence, but who have no distinct and impressive views of its divine nature and infinite importance; who consider it as a system of abstract doctrine, and never recognize or think of it as the rule of conduct which they must observe, or perish forever.

That it should have much influence on persons by whom it is regarded in this cold and distant manner, is not to be expected; their ideas of it are extremely imperfect; they hate its spirit; they wish it to be different from what it is; they just admit it to be true, because they cannot prove it to be false; and give it such a reception in their minds as is given by an habitual drunkard to the maxim, that drunkenness is a wicked and ruinous practice, while, with this conviction, which his understanding cannot refuse, he goes on to indulge, as formerly, in the vice of intemperance.

There are many too who have assumed the profession of Christianity, without any conviction at all respecting its credibility; but because they have been born and educated in a Christian country, and are naturally desirous to comply with the fashion that prevails around them. I would not call these men *infidels*; but neither can they be denominated *believers*; they are in a great measure ignorant of the religion which they appear to have embraced; they are careless whether it be of divine institution, or of mere human device; all their concern is to move quietly down the stream of custom, and not to disturb themselves with enquiries into the nature and strict compliance with the requisitions of a religion of which they know but little, and think it of no consequence to learn more. To look for habitual resistance in persons of this description to the temptations of sin, or for high attainments in holiness and piety, is not less absurd than to look with confidence for gold in every object, the surface of which has accidentally received a yellow tinge.

There are not a few also who profess to be Christians, while, in their hearts, they do not believe one word of the Gospel: They have some sinister purposes to serve; and, the better to accomplish these, they pretend to be followers of Christ, and observe such forms as shall demonstrate them to be so in the vague and indiscriminating estimation of the world; but all this, while they are, in reality, *unbelievers*: They reject Christ as a messenger from God, and accordingly despise the authority of his Gospel. And is it reasonable to be disappointed, because such persons do not exhibit a character regulated by its precepts, or pervaded by its temper? Is it any thing but foolish in the extreme, to argue on the supposition, that they shall obey a system of religion, which they consider to be nothing else but a cunningly devised fable? Or, that they shall submit to its commandments any farther than is absolutely requisite to promote the mean and interested ends which they have in view? With equal propriety may we feel and express surprise, that an enemy's spy, who assumes our dress, and makes occasional use of our language the more effectually to deceive us, will also conform himself to all our laws, strive to guard us from danger, labor to promote our prosperity,



and act in every respect like a faithful friend, and patriotic citizen.

In all these cases there is a gross absurdity in expecting such a virtuous deportment, as will be creditable to the Gospel; and there is the same gross absurdity in imputing to the Gospel the defects and iniquities of those who are unacquainted with it, or who do not love it, or who cordially reject it. The Gospel surely cannot be made to answer for the crimes of speculatists, and hypocrites, and infidels, without being subjected to a test which would have equally condemned it, had its truth been completely and incontrovertibly established. We say, let it be judged by its own intrinsic merits and uniform tendency; or even let it be judged of by the conduct of those, who have embraced it in faith, love, and reality; and we feel perfectly confident, that the result will be decidedly favorable to its claims on our profound, unlimited regard. For we maintain, that while it is inherently calculated to make men holy in all manner of conversation, it has actually produced that effect in numberless instances; and, at the same time, introduced a most happy improvement of the moral sentiments and behaviour of those, who have merely come within the range of its indirect and unacknowledged influence.

That the Gospel has not been more generally efficacious in reforming mankind, and in perfecting the character of its votaries, is to be accounted for in various ways. Without entering, however, into any detail, I may merely mention one general principle which appears to solve the whole difficulty. *The Gospel is not a system of compulsion*; it is a dispensation given to beings, who have a particular moral constitution; and to the nature and circumstances of that constitution it is adapted, by its infinitely wise author.—We are endowed with powers of investigation, of judgment, and of choice; with all the powers, in short, which are necessary to constitute us free agents; and for the exercise of these powers, and in consequence of possessing them, we are finally responsible to God. Now, in this essential character of our condition, as subjects of God's moral government, the Gospel is offered to us. It is not forced upon us by any physical necessity—Its Author does not propose to treat us as machines, and compel us to ac-

cept of it, and yield to it in defiance of the very faculties and capacities with which he himself has invested us. He has supported it by certain evidences which we are called on to examine, that we may be rationally satisfied of its truth. He has put into it certain doctrines and precepts, which we are required to investigate, in order to know what they are, and in what sense they form a part of Revelation. He has presented to us certain motives, not to overpower us with a sort of irresistible force, but to exercise our affections, to work on our hopes and our fears, our hatred and our love, in a manner accommodated to the original nature which he has conferred on us as rational and accountable beings. And in all these views, it is certainly not at all to be objected to the Gospel, that many to whom it is offered should be so blind as not to see its excellence and its credibility; that they should, from rash or perverted judgments, fall frequently into practical error; that their passions and their prejudices should sometimes overcome their convictions of truth, and their sense of duty; that the objects of sense should, in certain circumstances of temptation and of difficulty, be more regarded by them than the objects of faith; that they should occasionally forget their obligations, neglect the proper means of resisting the allurements of sin, fall a prey to snares, against which they have made no provision, and even choose the evil, while they despise the good that is set before them. To find fault, therefore, with the little comparative effect of Christianity in reforming and sanctifying men is, in fact, to complain, that man is constituted, as he is, a free agent; or that God has not made Christianity a system of absolute compulsion, and thus destroyed the essential nature by which we are distinguished from the other creatures of this world. Such a complaint is unquestionably foolish; but we have no reason to pursue the argument farther than this step, to which we have brought it—That the Gospel failing to make all men holy, is to be charged, not against the Gospel itself, but against the corruption and perversity of men, who, though light is come into the world, “choose darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil;” and who, in consequence of this undue preference, must, of course, continue to have



fellowship with the unprofitable and sinful works of darkness.

I shall conclude with a single remark—Though it thus appears evident, that the objection I have been considering has no real strength, yet knowing that it is often employed by the enemies of religion, and that too with considerable success, we, who are Christians, should be careful to avoid giving any color to it, or any ground for it, by the imprudence or wickedness of our conduct. If we would show our regard for the honor and success of the Gospel among men, we must not only be holy in the common and general sense of that word, we must also be tender and circumspect in the whole tenor of our life; “we must walk in wisdom towards them that are without;” we must “abstain from the very appearance of evil;” and study “to make our light so shine before men, that others, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father who is in Heaven.”

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#### AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION—

*Why are you a Christian?*

(Continued from page 44.)

#### CHAPTER III.

##### *Evidence arising from the Completion of Prophecy.*

Though conclusive, these, however, are not the only arguments, which give authority to the Gospel. The completion of prophecy furnishes a THIRD reason for that reverence which I feel for Christianity, and for my assent to it as a divine religion. In perusing the Jewish and Christian writings, I find several predictions. Some of these preceded the Saviour; and others were uttered by him. Some were accomplished in him; and others, in events which took place after his appearing. Examples of each I shall first exhibit; and then show, why they determined me to be a Christian.

It was predicted, that the Messiah should come, “before the sceptre departed from Judah:” And does not history confirm this prediction? Did not Jesus Christ appear and suffer, before the Jewish government was subverted by the

Romans? It was predicted, that "he should come whilst the second temple was standing;" and that the house should derive glory from the occasional visits of so great a character: And was not this prophecy fulfilled? It was predicted that he should come "in four hundred and ninety years" from the time in which the city of the Jews should recover from the disgrace under which it had lain during the captivity; that he should "be cut off;" and that "Jerusalem and the temple should be afterwards made desolate." Did not these things happen in the order, and at the period here described? It was predicted, that in the age of the Messiah, many astonishing works should be performed: And were not such works performed by Jesus Christ? At least, is it not an article in his history, that through his benevolent interposition, and in consequence of his supernatural powers, the blind received their sight, the lame walked, the deaf heard, the dumb spake, the sick recovered, and the dead revived? Finally, it was predicted, that "he should enter the holy city in triumph;" that his enemies should there conspire against him; that "he should be sold for thirty pieces of silver;" that "he should be scourged," and treated with every species of contempt; that his persecutors should "spit upon him;" that they should "pierce his hands and feet;" that the spectators of his crucifixion should mock him; that "the soldiers should draw lots for his garment;" that he should be numbered with transgressors; that "gall and vinegar" should be presented to him when in his last agonies; and that he should "make his grave with the rich:" And in the history of Christ have we not the completion of these prophecies? Comparing the predictions and the events, can we deny, that the latter are a perfect counterpart to the former?

The person, whose fate was thus particularly foretold, was himself also a prophet. On various occasions, he declared to his followers, that he should suffer a violent death. He predicted, that his own countrymen would condemn him; and the Gentiles execute the sentence. He foretold the cowardice of Peter; the treachery of Judas; the terror and flight of all his disciples, when he should be arrested; his resurrection from the grave; the effusion of the Holy Spirit; the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple, with



all the horrors attending it; the dispersion of the Jews; the persecutions of his followers; and the success of the Gospel, notwithstanding the opposition which would be made by its enemies: And, according to the records of that age, did not all these things come to pass? Have we not the highest evidence which history can afford, that Jesus Christ both suffered and triumphed, in the manner which he had before described? Were not his disciples hated of all men? Were not the most wanton cruelties exercised upon them? Did not the time come, when their extermination from the earth was contemplated as a sacrifice, which the honor of God, the interests of truth, and the good of society required? Was not Jerusalem destroyed by the Romans? As to the temple, did the resentment of the conquering army leave one stone of that magnificent building on another? Before their reduction, were not the sufferings of the Jews such as no other people had ever experienced? After that event, were they not dispersed among all nations? Does not their dispersion still continue—and are they not, at this very moment, a standing proof of his veracity, who predicted their ruin? When I compare the denunciations of Jesus Christ with the fate of the Jews, I am unable to account for their conformity, if I reject his divine inspiration. The history of Josephus, who beheld the ruin of his country, comes in aid of the evangelists; and I feel the same confidence, that Christ foretold, as the historian related, this terrible event.

After a cool and impartial examination of these facts, can it be strange that I should profess myself a Christian? How can I resist the evidence arising from the completion of prophecy? I find many predictions accomplished in Jesus Christ; and many, which were uttered by him, I find incontestibly verified by succeeding events. Will it satisfy my reason to insinuate, that this may be the work of chance? Will it be sufficient to say, that the author of our religion, and certain persons, who assumed the name of prophets, happened to guess right? To those who have any acquaintance with the doctrine of chances, this insinuation will appear both impertinent and absurd. That there could not have been such a series of fortunate guesses, is a point capable of arithmetical demonstration.

The man who can persuade himself to admit this supposition, must with a very ill grace object to the miracles, wonders, and signs, ascribed to Jesus Christ. He, of all persons, ought to be the last to charge others with credulity. As to myself, I cannot believe, that some hundreds of years before the Saviour appeared, the peculiar circumstances of his life and death were guessed by some imposing diviner. I cannot be reconciled to the supposition, that one, by mere accident, guessed that he would enter Jerusalem riding upon an ass, and be there sold for thirty pieces of silver; another, that his enemies would pierce his hands and his feet, would mock his agonies, and cast lots for his garment; a third, that he would be numbered with transgressors, and be laid in the tomb of a rich man. Such a wonderful resemblance of mere conjecture, and fact, would exceed any prodigy recorded in the sacred volume.

The same observation will apply to the prediction of Jesus Christ; whether they relate to his own sufferings, or to those of his devoted country. It is impossible that he should have described them with so much precision, unless his mind had been divinely illuminated. The success of modern conjectures is well known—And if Jesus Christ be degraded to the rank of those, who have been most expert at guessing, I must say, their talents will admit of no comparison with his. The art, if it was only an art, makes no figure at the present age. I must, therefore, conclude, that real predictions were uttered and accomplished; and I must draw from them the inference, that the system is divine, in support of which they have been urged. I have no other alternative, than either to admit this conclusion, or the most extravagant suppositions that ever disgraced the human mind.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### RESIGNATION EXEMPLIFIED BY BIOGRAPHY.

AMIDST the variety of distresses to which human life is exposed, few are allowed to come under the description of *real evils*, and the rest are, in some degree, fantastical or imaginary. We are apt to elevate the standard of felicity on



too high a pinnacle, and from hence arise the murmurs of discontent, and the unavailing repinings of complaint. In the wisdom and goodness of Providence there is a healing balm provided for every wound; and whilst the lenient hand of Time soothes the agitated soul to peace, the spirit asserts its own immortal right, and rests in hope beyond the grave.

Resignation to the Divine decree, is a principle that should be inculcated from the earliest dawn of reason, and enforced with all the ardor, both of precept and example; for the being, who is in the constant habit of imagining its own misfortunes *severer* than its neighbors, at length becomes so inured to the habit of *Discontent*, that it grows insensible to the blessings it enjoys, and, in the practice of repining, forgets to be grateful to its Maker! There is a virulence in the ills which we bring upon ourselves, or which flows from the injustice of others, that depresses the spirits, and corrodes the heart; but that calamity which is the appointment of heaven, carries along with it a never-failing relief; and the poison which is administered by an Almighty hand, is always attended with its own antidote.

One particular advantage that may be derived from adversity, is, that it always blunts the shaft of Envy; and whilst those who are distinguished either by their rank, abilities, or virtue, are alike exposed to the malignancy of its attack, the unfortunate man escapes its dart.

Amidst the various instances which history has produced, wherein the Female Mind has been displayed with peculiar lustre, and where resignation and duty have been combined, I know none more strikingly beautiful, or more simply affecting, than the description of that character, an epitome of which I shall select for the amusement and imitation of my youthful readers.

There is no story either in ancient, sacred, or modern history, which has been wrought into so many forms, accommodated to so many circumstances, or transfused into so many different languages, as the history of *Ruth*. The reader of sensibility admires it for its appeal to heart, and impression on the passions; the man of taste, for the elegance of its diction, and the arrangement of its facts; and



the friend of virtue and morality, for the lesson it contains of mild resignation and filial piety.

The Jewish recorders of this beautiful tale (with a view, perhaps, of interesting our feelings in a more lively degree for the amiable heroine of it) represent her as being the daughter of a Moabitish king: but as nature had bestowed upon her qualities sufficient to have ennobled obscurity, and adorned indigence, she requires no auxiliaries to impress the mind with veneration.—She is introduced to our knowledge by her sublime historian, in a situation peculiarly calculated to interest humanity, and call forth tenderness. Young, beautiful, and unfortunate, we behold her bereaved of all that constituted human felicity; the husband of her affection is torn from her, and she resolves to quit her family and friends to protect age, and cherish infirmity; to smooth the pillow of affliction, and prove her respect to the memory of the departed.

What can be more exquisitely beautiful, or more simply touching, than the reply she makes to Naomi's request, that she would remain with her friends in the land of Moab? —“ Intreat me not to leave Thee, or to return from following after Thee, for whither Thou goest I will go, and where Thou lodgest, I will lodge: Thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God.” Who can peruse expressions like these, either with apathy, or indifference? And who can read of such affection to the mother of a husband, without feeling their hearts glow with tenderness towards the author of their own existence?

The tender strife of mutual love here closed; and Naomi, no longer able to deny herself the happiness of so sweet a sharer in her sorrows, here consented to her joint participation of them.

Although the history is silent on the subject of their journey, it is natural to suppose it must have been painful, anxious, and fatiguing; and Naomi's mind must have been torn by anguish at the very recollection of past felicity. At length they arrive at the place of her nativity, but no children fly to meet!—no friends to welcome her arrival!—all is apathy and cold indifference!—and, in the land she had so anxiously longed to visit, she finds herself in danger of wanting a piece of bread! But, let us turn our eyes from



an object who claims our *pity*, to one, which calls forth our *admiration*; and though we leave Naomi under the pressure of misfortune, yet we leave her in the hands of a being, who, forgetful of her former station, cheerfully descends to the most menial office, and, unrepining at the misery that surrounds her, supports their existence by the exertions of daily labor.

Providence has certainly annexed both respectability and happiness to honest industry; but they are, in some degree, dependant upon circumstances. The mind which has been accustomed to enjoy the elegancies of life, is little calculated to taste felicity from a source of *labour*; and labour itself is rendered doubly toilsome, if no one shares or joins in its exertions. Yet we behold the amiable Moabite mixing promiscuously amongst a herd of strangers, with no other guard than her own virtue; with no other protection than native modesty; and, by the delicacy of her deportment and the diffidence of her manners, interesting hearts unaccustomed to the impression.

The task of labour is cheerfully performed; and, in the prospect of lengthening out Naomi's life, she looks forward with pleasure to the reiterated toil of the ensuing day. The piety of the act, and the resignation of the performer, were observed by that Eye, which both sees, and rewards our virtues. Boaz is made acquainted both her circumstances and family—his heart melts with sympathy at the account of her sufferings, and glows with admiration at the description of her virtues. The gloomy prospect becomes suddenly irradiated; the clouds of adversity rapidly disperse; and the humble gleaner in the field of Boaz is destined to be the mistress of those lands which once afforded the scanty means of preserving the existence of herself and mother.

From this epitome of an interesting life, we may at once derive both instruction and amusement; and whilst we voluntarily offer a tribute of praise to the filial piety, and mild resignation, of the amiable Moabite, we may learn to place an implicit reliance on that Being, who pities our distresses, and rewards our virtues!

## Amusement.

### PICTURE OF MY DEAR AUNT.

O DEAR! my friend, only one word. This aunt of mine is so troublesome, so prying, so watchful, there is no having a single moment to one's self! Every where at the same moment—garret, kitchen, cellar—sweeping, rummaging, bustling: "Susy! where are you? Where's the girl gone? Always out of the way when she's wanted! A sauntering, daudling, idle, good for nothing—Susy! Why, what's become of the *ga'al*?"

One moment's patience, my dear aunt. Here she comes. I hear her foot upon the stairs. Old as she is, she moves with youthful alacrity—Just upon me; but the door's fast. She don't suspect me of this work. Can feign that I was asleep and heard her not. Asleep at this time of day! 'Tis well if I escape with a few slaps. I do not mind 'em, nor her neither behind her back. Poor dear aunt! She means well, and I love her after all—that I do. 'Tis undutiful to keep you knocking so. Well, just while I thrust my ink-horn into a hole, and pocket my papers, then I will admit her—"Hey! Why! dear aunt! Yes! What's the matter? Plaguy sleepy: Can hardly open my eyes!"—poor dear aunt! thy niece is a naughty girl. The older she grows, the better——

So! I have a few minutes before it is quite dark—She will miss me, and set out in search of me directly. I must make the most of my time: And yet in this hurry of fingers and spirits, I forget every thing. I cannot collect my thoughts and put them in an order to be understood. 'Tis well I have a pretty good stock of cheerfulness: And yet I doubt my bravery is mere pretence. To keep myself from weeping, I laugh. In general I succeed pretty well, but sometimes the tide will ebb. Just now I feel that my heart is very heavy. This mostly happens when I am alone, I think. 'Tis then that my frantic gaiety vanishes, and I cannot keep myself from fetching now and then deep sighs.

She is coming! No. 'Twas a false alarm. Nobody but Ranger posting into the garret. Foolish cur! So many



whippings as thy mistress has given thee, yet still unbroken of this habit! This alone is an eternal source of uproar and discontent. No sooner is the scrubbing brush at rest, than the quarrelsome brute, running out on some inoffensive passenger of his own kind, raising an hubbub. Scores of curs like himself run from all quarters to the scene of action, and join their claws and teeth in worrying the unhappy stranger. Ten to one but in their eagerness they fall out among themselves, and Ranger commonly has the worst of the battle. Yelping, bleeding, mud besprent, he flies for refuge into the house, rushes to the stairs, and stops not, all dripping as he is, till he reaches a corner of the garret, and scratches himself a bed among the rugs and blankets belonging to the poor girl that fills our tea-kettle.

Then comes my aunt. "A trail of mud from top to bottom! The whole work to be done over again!" Every epithet of rage is heaped upon the dog. "Where is the villain? Where are the girls? Why did they not keep the street door shut? Thoughtless hussies! Slaving from morning till night, to keep things *fit to be seen*, and all to be done over again. That nasty wretch! If there was but a little care taken—If Susan or Molly *was* worth a farthing:—but they are always gadding, or idling, or sauntering—Susy! where's the horsewhip. *I'll* give it to the wretch."

Up she mounts into the garret. The shrill notes of my aunt are mingled with the yelpings of the culprit. Down he comes headlong, throwing in his haste ten times more mud about him than was there before. After him, my aunt. Into the kitchen she comes, and throwing herself half breathless into the chair, she exclaims, "All your and Molly's fault. No care; let every thing go to destruction."

The dog she will not part with. She could not sleep a wink if he did not lie at the kitchen door. Nothing would be safe a moment. Every thing of *vally* would be stolen, and we and she would be murdered! Molly is at length summoned. "Have not I a thousand times ordered you to keep the street door shut? You *impident creature* you! But *I'll make you mind me*." Then she falls to beating the unhappy girl, who, with eyes streaming, hands clasped and uplifted, in tones that would subdue a rock, exclaims,

"Oh Mistress! dear Mistress! I will never do so any more. I did not leave the door open! Indeed I did n't!"

Fie upon me! why do I revive these odious scenes? Yet such, my friend, is the life that I lead. Here she comes indeed! Cannot add a word more at present.—Adieu.

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### ANECDOTE.

In a trial that lately took place in London, the Attorney General charged Mr. Erskine with travelling out of his way in conducting his client's case. Mr. Erskine in answer said, his learned friend had talked of the irrelevancy of certain questions which he had put; this reminded him of the celebrated Dr. Whitefield, who had been accused, by his audience, of rambling in his discourse; to which he replied, "If you will ramble to the devil, I must ramble after you."

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## Poetry.

### AN EVANGELICAL DIALOGUE,

*Between Cornelius Cayly and Echo:*

Setting forth the great mercy and loving-kindness of God towards man, in the death and Sufferings of his beloved Son Jesus Christ, in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.

*Ca'y.*—Though many friends in Winter disappear,  
Echo, thy friendship's constant all the year:  
Come, harmless soother, come! and mild consent  
To talk with me awhile. Art thou content?

*Echo.*—Content?

*Ca'y.*—To instruct me then, be thine the friendly task,  
Whilst I thy pupil will inquire and ask.

*Echo.*—Ask.

*Ca'y.*—When Jesus left his radiant throne of light,  
The realms of innocence and glory bright,  
To take man's humble form, what did him move?  
Say, gentle Echo, was it wrath or love?

*Echo.*—Love:



*Caly.*—But why drank he the bitter cup of wo?  
Did he offend? Did he pollution know?

*Echo.*—No.

*Caly.*—Why then was his dear body stain'd with gore?  
Why drops of sweating blood from ev'ry pore?  
Why did the scorpion scourge so dreadful wound?  
Why was his head with thorns so pungent crown'd?  
Why from his sacred cheeks was pluck'd the hair?  
Why sink beneath the pond'rous Cross he bare?  
Why nail'd his hands and feet unto the tree?  
Why in such torments stretch'd on Calvary?  
Why brake from him that loud and bitter cry,  
"Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani?"  
Why last, did he expire, and pale appear?  
And then his heart, why pierced with a spear?  
Why was all this? say, Echo! canst thou tell?  
Was it to save our souls from death and hell?

*Echo.*—From death and hell.

*Caly.*—Did Jesus then, himself upon the tree,  
All our transgressions, curse, and misery,  
In his own body bare, to set us free?  
Was it for this, beneath our load of guilt,  
He groan'd, and dy'd, and his dear hearts-blood spilt?  
Was it that we, being justifi'd by grace,  
Freely through God our Saviour's righteousness,  
Imputed to us, for our near access  
To his well-pleased, reconciled face?  
Was it that we might Abba Father cry,  
And to his out-stretch'd wings of mercy fly?  
Was it, that all the boundless love of God,  
Might in our hearts be richly shed abroad?  
O tell me, Echo! for I long to know,  
Is all this true—is all this even so?

*Echo.*—Even so.

*Caly.*—Why surely then, all who in him believe,  
Who come to him, all such he will receive.

*Echo.*—All such he will receive.

*Caly.*—This gospel then, must I to all proclaim,  
And preach salvation in no other name?

*Echo.*—No other name.

*Caly.*—That sin is pardon'd through a Saviour's blood,  
Is this a doctrine, wholesome, sound, and good?

*Echo.*—Wholesome, sound, and good.

*Caly.*—To all mankind, to all in ev'ry land,  
Is such a faith in Jesus, God's command?

*Echo.*—God's command.

*Caly.*—Well doth this grace poor sinful creatures suit.  
Are godly works, of faith the genuine fruit?

*Echo.*—The genuine fruit.

*Caly.*—True faith, producing love to God and man,  
Say, Echo! is not this the Gospel's plan?

*Echo.*—The Gospel's plan.

*Caly.*—Must I my faith in Jesus constant show,  
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?

*Echo.*—Both friend and foe.

*Caly.*—But if a brother hates, and treats me ill,  
Must I return him good, and love him still?

*Echo.*—Love him still.

*Caly.*—If he my failings wishes to reveal,  
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?

*Echo.*—As carefully conceal.

*Caly.*—If he the worst constructs on all my words,  
Must I the best construct his case affords?

*Echo.*—His case affords?

*Caly.*—But if my name and character he tears,  
And cruel malice too, too plain appears;  
And when I sorrow and affliction know,  
He loves to add unto my cup of wo:  
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,  
Sweet Echo, say! must I still love and bless?

*Echo.*—Still love and bless.

*Caly.*—Whatever usage ill I may receive,  
Must I still patient be, and still forgive?

*Echo.*—Still patient be, and still forgive.

*Caly.*—Why, Echo! how is this! thou'rt still a dove!  
Thy talk will leave me nothing else but love.

*Echo.*—Nothing else but love.

*Caly.*—Amen, with all my heart, then be it so,  
It's all delightful, just and good, I know;  
And now to practise, I'll directly go.

*Echo.*—Directly go.

*Caly.*—Things being thus, then let who will reject,  
My gracious God me surely will protect.

*Echo.*—Surely will protect.

*Caly.*—Henceforth on him, I'll rest my ev'ry care,  
And both my friends and foes embrace in prayer.

*Echo.*—Embrace in prayer.

*Caly.*—But all these duties, when they're fully done,  
Must I, in point of merit, them disown,  
And rest my soul on Jesus' blood alone.

*Echo.*—On Jesus' blood alone.

*Caly.*—Echo, enough—this counsel to my ear,  
Is sweeter, than to flowers the dew-drop tear:  
Thy wise, instructive lessons, please me well,  
Till next we meet again—Farewell! farewell!

*Echo.*—Farewell! farewell!

☞ We have not inserted the preceeding for correctness of numbers  
or harmony of versification, but for the excellency of its precepts and  
the happy manner of treating the subject.